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THE
ROYAL HERMITAGE
OR
TEMPLE of HONOUR:
A
POEM
TO
Her Majesty the QUEEN-Regent.

To which is prefix'd,
An EPISTLE to the
Right Honourable Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

By Mr. MITCHELL.

*Hic Manus, ob Patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
Quique Sacerdotes casti, dum Vita manebat,
Quique pii Vates, & Phæbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui Vitam excoluere per Artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo:
Omnibus his niveâ cinguntur Tempora Vittâ.* VIRG.

L O N D O N :

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ROMAN HERMANTAGE

TEMPLE OF HONOUR

ST ROBERT'S

M

HOR.

Stations of the Cross

And the Mount of Sion

And the Mount of Sion

And the Mount of Sion

And the Mount of Sion

And the Mount of Sion

And the Mount of Sion

And the Mount of Sion

And the Mount of Sion

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And the Mount of Sion



To the Right Honourable
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

— Nil sine Te mei
Possunt Honores ——— HOR.



F Statesmen ablest, as of Friends the best,
Mine and the Muses' Patron long con-
fess'd,

If I again, amid a Kingdom's Cares,
May dare t'intrude Poetical Affairs,
If e'er you heard with Pleasure when I pray'd,
And meant the good and generous Things you said,
O WALPOLE, now, vouchsafe to lend an Ear,
On this Occasion for your Bard appear,
And to the QUEEN my humble Tribute bear.
Tell her how, ravished with her royal Zeal
For publick Virtue and the common Weal,

Tell

Her late Regard for the illustrious Dead,
 The sacred Honours to their Memory paid,
 Your MITCHELL fain would happily proclaim
 Her matchless Mind and undisputed Fame,
 In Numbers, such as you, your self, would use,
 Did *Europe* give but Leisure to your Muse:
 Tell her ----- But WALPOLE no Direction needs -----
 Pardon what from an Heart o'ercharg'd proceeds,
 And, by engaging one kind Smile of Hers,
 Inspire your Poet, and reward his Verse:
 So may you, late, from this vain World remov'd,
 By Men lamented, and by God approv'd,
 In deathless Annals shine the brightest Name,
 The Statesman highest in Records of Fame;
 While Kings, endebted to your Virtues, raise
 Busts and Statues sacred to your Praise,
 Honours deserve for Honours justly paid,
 And be, by borrow'd Fame, immortal made!

Sept. 7, 1732.

MITCHELL.

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ROYAL HERMITAGE.
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TEMPLE of HONOUR:
A
POEM to the QUEEN.

Præstantes Virtute legit. VIRG.



BARD, unvers'd in Politicks, unhir'd,
No Tool of Pow'r, and by no Faction fir'd,
Whone'er engag'd, with mercenary Views,
In Cause of Party, his unbiass'd Muse;
And, tho' unblest'd by Fortune, shuns the Strife,
The Noise, and Grandeur, of a Courtier's Life;
Best pleas'd, in social Solitude, to find
The Satisfaction of a virtuous Mind;
Charm'd; gracious *Queen*, with a late Act of thine,
(An Act, deserving nobler Praise than mine.)

Again,

Again, would tune the long neglected Lyre,
And, to delight the royal Ear, aspire !

Britannia late, beneath the *Brunswick* Sway,
Happy, had learnt her own lov'd Laws t' obey.
Freed from the arbitrary, vain, Efforts
Of tyrant Princes and obsequious Courts,
The Nation's Constitution was maintain'd,
Prerogative in proper Bounds restrain'd,
And Liberty, the People's Bliss and Boast,
No more in Danger to be basely lost.
But, rare Example ! Kings took chief Delight
To guard and strengthen every legal Right,
The Subjects Safety still esteem'd their own,
And, in Protecting, plac'd their high Renown.
Nor less, in private than in publick Life,
Have Sire and Son, with a successive Strife,
Exerted their hereditary Grace,
And taught the native Virtues of their Race.

Ever may Patterns, so supream, remain,
Nor Britons view their Happiness in vain ;

But,

But, studious of such Virtues, and such Worth,
 Adorn their Lives, and glorify the North !
 Then Arts and Sciences should raise their Head,
 And Justice, Honour, Truth, and Learning spread;
 Then social Love and Friendship crown the Isle,
 And true Religion, free from Fetters, smile.

Behold ye Nobles, view ye vulgar Great,
 Your Regent-Queen, and learn to imitate.
 Her Character what various Beauties blend ?
 The Patroness, Companion, and the Friend !
 Survey her favour'd Scene, her sweet Retreat,
 The HERMITAGE, where, quitting royal State,
 With learned Sages and the sacred Arts
 Conversing frank, she shews superior Parts,
 Ev'n to the Dead extends her pious Care,
 And keeps alive the dear Remembrance there.

What Sov'reign e'er immortaliz'd the Foes
 Of arbitrary Sway, who durst oppose
 Encroachments on the Int'rests of Mankind,
 And struggle for Enlargement of the Mind ?

By bold tyrannick Principles inspir'd,
 Or led by Priests whom bigot Zeal had fir'd,
 Princes th' uncommon Virtue rarely shew,
 To honour Men, who publick Weal pursue;
 Teach that their Pow'r is but the People's Will,
 And, for their Welfare, to be practis'd still!
 But CAROLINE, unforc'd, and by free Choice,
 In this peculiar, first, Distinction joys,
 From common Fate to rescue ev'n the Dust
 Of Patriots pious, learned, wise and just.

All hail, ye Shades, ye venerable Names,
 Whose matchless Merit such a Queen proclaims!
 Whose Lives and Learning she distinguish'd most,
 And whom to honour is her royal Boast!
 Your sacred Busto's, in her Grotto, rais'd,
 Will make herself by all the impartial prais'd,
 Exalt her Fame o'er Ancestors renown'd,
 And spread her Glory all the World around?

The Dome I enter with a solemn Dread,
 And, in Idea, view the glorious Dead!

Not

Not with more Rev'rence and religious Awe,

Romans their Gods, in fam'd *Pantheon*, saw!

All seem alive, and, in their various Way,

The Charms of Nature studious to display,

And teach Mankind to wonder and obey.

LOCKE the right Use of Understanding shews,

Freedom asserts, and rectifies our Views!

NEWTON, great Nature's Son, in Paths untrod,

Unerring, leads us thro' all Worlds to God!

CLARKE, by clear Reasoning, Superstition checks,

Restores Religion, and the Schools corrects!

And WOOLASTON the Laws of Nature proves,

Points moral Duties, and Obedience moves!

Heav'n to each Fav'rite has some Post assign'd,

And mark'd by some rare Excellence his Mind.

Then, O, how vast her intellectual Parts,

Who patronizes all their several Arts!

Engrosses every Virtue they could boast,

And can restore their great Distinctions lost!

So, when the written Laws of God, of old,
 (As by learn'd Fathers of the Church we're told)
 Were lost by *Jews*, at *Babylon* enslav'd,
 EZRA, inspir'd, their sacred Volumes sav'd!

Britons, with Joy your Regent's Bounty view,
 Tho' limited to these illustrious Few.
 These were your fellow Subjects, *English*-born,
 Whose sacred Busto's *Richmond* now adorn;
 For Love of Truth and Liberty renown'd,
 And all with Wisdom as with Knowledge crown'd!
 Judge, from the Choice, how safe your Interests are,
 The Friends of Men and Virtue most her care!
 But dumb henceforth, ye Foes of Freedom, stand,
 Nor hope again t'enslave your happy Land.
 Both civil and religious Rights secur'd,
 Well may your wretched Faction rest assur'd,
 That no false Doctrine shall the Church infest,
 No wicked Councils more the State molest;
 While Government and Thoughts continue free,
 And honest Patriots honour'd thus we see;

While

[II]

While ministerial Pow'r, so lodg'd, remains,
And one of *Brunswick's* royal Lineage reigns!

O could the sacred HERMITAGE admit
(By CAROLINE'S great Wisdom counted fit.)
Four Bustos more ---- nor less the *English* Boast ----
Of Men, who ev'ry Kind of Worth engross'd!

A BACON, MILTON, SHAFTSBURY, and STEELE!
Heav'ns! what, at mention of their Names, I feel!
All good, and great, and various in their Ways!
First in their Arts, and most deserving Praise!
Of Virtue, Truth, and Liberty the Friends!

And who, for publick Good, relinquish'd private Ends!

Whate'er the royal Wisdom may ordain,
By what is done, the good and learned gain.

All may be taught to merit such Regard,
And hope their Works will meet a like Reward.

Honours bestow'd make generous Minds aspire
To lift the Glory of their Country high'r.

Thus, by the noble Palm, the Victors crown'd,
Men rose to Gods, and made old *Rome* renown'd!

O cou'd I, living, merit royal Praise
 By virtuous Actions, or by noble Lays!
 ---- But, shou'd the Poet's common Fate be mine,
 Never, 'till dead, to be esteem'd divine,
 Grant, gracious Heav'n, I soon from Earth may move;
 And *Britain's* Queen my Fame's Preserver prove;
 Whether, in Honour's Temple, pleas'd, the place
 An Image of my Patriarchal Face;
 Or, near lov'd PRIOR's sacred Busto raise,
 In holy Ground, my monumental Praise!

F I N I S

